FEW COWARDS AMONG ANIMALS OF AFRICA.

Noted Hunter Tells of Perils of Jungle---German Professor Victim of Gorilla---Buffalo Cow, Defending Calf, Kills Leopard

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The most dangerous hunting occurs when one attempts to capture his animal alive. Many animals, harmless and timid under ordinary circumstances, become demons when captured. The mildest looking antelope will put up a fierce fight when once over its first fright; the ostrich will kick a man to pieces, raining its blows with lightning-like rapidity. I do not know one African animal that can be called cowardly.

I was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrumana. A German professor accompanied me on my expedition, which set forth in a direct line from Dar es Salaam.

Arriving at a Belgian army post, a pygmy prisoner told us where we could find a gorilla, and an hour's travel from the post brought us to the place where the animal made its home. Beaters went out in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig. After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and did not slide down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

We spread a strong net around the tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top there were drawn ropes from four directions held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened, as a six foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signalled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping and biting the rope into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net, and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape; in a moment the gorilla seized him in its terrible hands.

I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth. I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves and, half throwing, half thrusting, drove an assagai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

Examining the professor, I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla, and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the East Coast. He died on the road.

On Trail of a Lion.

One day, just as the blue haze of morning was lifting from the forest, I saw a flock of vultures sailing in the air and swooping from time to time. I knew there was dead meat somewhere near. I started out in search. In a quarter of an hour, right under where the vultures were circling, I heard the crunching of bones in a clump of rocks half hidden in the high grass. There was that unmistakable sound of some large animal eating and tearing flesh. After maneuvring for some time I came across a wide trail of crushed, blood stained grass, showing that some large animal must have been dragged. No animal but a lion could drag a body big enough to make such a large trail.

Cautiously approaching the rocks, I heard the animal's satisfied growls and saw the ravenous vultures, hook beaked and hungry eyed, perched on the points of vantage, awaiting their chance to swoop down. I had to be careful, for if the vultures gave the danger signal, all chance of getting the game would be lost. After crawling a few yards further I got a peep between the rocks. Lying down, with two cubs suckling, was a beautiful lioness, chewing at the rump of an impala antelope. I hated to shoot, but I was a hunter, and there was nothing else to do. Although I could see the lioness in a general way, it was a particularly hard shot, as there were many thorn bushes and stones in my road.

The vultures were getting uneasy. I moved, and they all rose with a heavy flapping of wings. The lioness, startled, startled, sprang to the top of the rocks, the cubs following. It was so sudden that I fired without taking aim and missed the mother, but wounded a cub. The other cub made off in the bush, the lioness following.

I was in a bad temper through disappointment, and drew my knife to cut the throat of the wounded cub, which was whining in pain. As I put my hand down to make the thrust it licked me with its little hot tongue and a pleading look filled its soft eyes. It was too much like killing a baby.

I slipped my knife back into its sheat. It was a harmless little fluffy ball, a kitten, and I picked it up and patted it. I was carrying it back to the camp when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back and saw the mother slip into the undergrowth. I knew then that there was going to be trouble. Two or three times around the camp that day the yellow form of the lioness was seen flitting across partly exposed places in the bush.

I washed the cub's wound and put some healing preparation from my medicine chest on it. That night I gave the sentries warning of possible danger, and took my little captive into my tent and tied it to my stretcher. I drowsed off to sleep watching the shadow of the sentry on the tent as he passed between it and the fire.

A Rude Awakening.

Suddenly a jerk at my stretcher awoke me. Instinctively placing my hand on my Luger pistol, I opened my eyes, expecting, if anything, to see the guard. My heart almost stopped. To move meant destruction, for there, on three legs, with an angry snarl and one paw raised to strike, was the lioness in the half light that the dying camp fire threw through the flaps of the tent.

My brains were of no use to me, for they ceased to work. In silent fear, almost paralyzed, I lay. The lioness grabbed its cub and gave a tug. The cord that held it snapped, overturning my stretcher. She turned and bounded through the door, carrying her precious offspring. A shot shattered the silence of the night. I sprang to my feet and saw the guard standing over the quivering form of the faithful lioness, still holding her beloved cub in her mouth. She was dead.

It seemed a pity to kill this motherly beast, but it was too late to be sorry. How she ever passed the guard baffles me. A few days afterward while one of the shikarees (native hunters) was stalking antelope for food, he came across a weak little cub that was evidently dying of starvation. He brought it to the camp. It was so like the one I had wounded, that I have no doubt it was the other cub of the lioness the guard shot. We raised the cubs "on the bottle."

On another occasion we were camped on a stretch of veld near the Kafu River. A number of mules that we used for transportation purposes were in a kraal some distance from the camp. About midnight, when the whole camp, with the exception of the guards, was asleep, a wild screech, followed by the unmistakable roar of a lion, came from the direction of the mules. We were too familiar with the sounds not to know what was happeneing.

Seizing my rifle and rushing from my tent, I made straight for the noise, preparing for emergencies as I did so. A half dozen natives were beside me. We were half way to the kraal when a couple of shots sounded from the direction of the guards, and the next instant the huge bulk of a lion came in leaps and bounds toward us. As soon as he saw us coming he turned at right angles and made for the bush. As he did so I raised my rifle and emptied the magazine at his form, which was soon lost in the blackness of the night. Notwithstanding that my shots were fired only as luck shots, I could tell that I had at least wounded the animal by a low growl of pain that escaped him.

The next morning before daybreak we resumed the search for the lion. As the first signs of dawn broke through the east we came on the lion's bloodstained spoor. We followed it for ten minutes; then it led into the open veld.

There, illumined by the first light shafts the sun shot through the hills, lay the lion, stretched out at full length. Beside him sat a huge blond lioness licking a wound in his back.

My first impulse was to drop on my knees and shoot. But something in my heart revolted. It was so pathetic, this lioness so like a woman; she seemed a civilized being and I a savage.

In Defense of Her Mate.

We advanced, and the lioness, seeing us for the first time, sprang up and defiantly approached a few yards, her tail whipping the air. She returned to the lion and stood over him, and then, as though deciding to fight, made a mighty leap toward me. I raised my rifle and pulled the trigger. There was no explosion. I pulled back my rifle bolt to thrust a cartridge into the barrel, when I saw that the magazine was not loaded. Trusting to fate and my legs, I dropped my useless weapon and ran for the nearest tree, the lioness gaining on me in leaps and bounds. I had not succeeded in reaching the tree when a shikaree broke through the bush in the distance and opened fire with an automatic rifle, driving a couple of bullets into the lioness' back. She dropped without a groan. Had the shikaree missed or used a slower working rifle I no doubt would have been chewed, if not killed.

After getting my breath I examined the lion we had started out to get. He was not dead. I found he had been shot through the rump. His hind quarters were paralyzed, and he had dragged himself with his forepaws at least a mile. He rolled his eyes helplessly as we looked him over. Not a murmur came from him. He seemed to wait in silence, like a Roman, for the death stroke. One shot put him out of his misery.

On one occasion I had the good fortune to witness a scene, in which a leopard was the chief actor, that left an indelible picture in the gallery of my memory.

I was hunting one day, with a shikaree, for food. We were unsuccessful in getting a shot on the veld and so decided to wait at a vlei (water hole) till the game came to drink.

A second or two later the broad horns of a buffalo bull showed through the leaves and then came a cow with a calf. They came to the water and drank. I did not shoot, as I wanted one of the smaller antelopes.

All at once, like an arrow from the tree above, shot the form of a leopard on to the back of a buffalo calf. In a flash there was a wild stampede. All ran but the buffalo cow, the mother of the calf. When the calf was struck it fell either dead or unconscious, and the snarling leopard stood over its prey for a second. Then the cow charged and hurled the marauder from her prostrate young. A fight commenced in earnest.

The leopard sprang to its feet and in an instant was on the back of the cow. With the agility of a wrestler she fell and rolled over her aggressor, arising to her feet again in a flash. Before the leopard could spring she rushed at him with a bellow like a fog horn, struck him full on and tossed him into the water. In a moment the leopard was on the bank again. It sprang at the cow's throat, but missed as she dodged aside. Again the leopard sprang. The cow fell back, lifted her head and caught it full underneath, her horn penetrating the leopard's body. The leopard roared with pain as it fell to the ground, bleeding freely from the double wound, and the cow was covered with gashes from its antagonist's claws.

The leopard sprang again on the back of the cow, but she easily shook him off. He stood for a moment and then tried to stagger away. The buffalo made a rush, and, hurling him to the ground, thrust her horns into his helpless body. He offered no resistance, but rolled over on his side and died.

The buffalo sniffed the dead body for a few minutes, then, satisfied with her work, went to her dead calf and licked it, mooing in pathetic anguish.

I admired that cow too much to shoot it. My shikaree set up a cry and I fired a shot to scare her away. We went over and found the leopard's skin too badly mutilated to be of any value. The calf was served that night with curry and rice.—Captain Fritz Duquesne, in Hampton's Magazine.

LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

The legislative period of a German Reichstag is five years in duration.

Zululand has an indigenous rubber plant which yields an article of excellent quality.

Last year's purchases of ties by the country's railroads were only two-thirds as large as those of 1907.

It is said that in the last five years the membership of temperance societies in Germany has more than doubled.

Among the 6,000,000 working women in this country there are nearly a million widows and nearly 800,000 married women whose husbands have failed to provide for them. Nearly 100,000 divorced women are among the wage earners.

Silk and mixed cotton and silk industries in France are said to employ altogether upwards of half a million workers.

Whalebone cost only thirty-five cents a pound half a century ago. Today it costs about $5 a pound. The total product landed from the American fisheries during the nineteenth century exceeded 95,000,000 pounds. A single whale may yield up to 3000 pounds.

A TRADE VERSUS CRIME.

Industrial Training a Splendidly Effective Means of Reformation.

There is no sovereign remedy or prevention for crime, but modern experience proves that industrial training is a splendidly effective means of reformation. At the Elmira Reformatory the prisoners are informed that that it is "up to them" to get out. Their freedom can only be gained by good behavior and diligent application to the learning of a trade. A sufficiently varied list to suit all tastes is offered. A writer in the Outlook describes how the system works.

On a Sunday morning a dozen or so new arrivals were occupying the "mourners' bench," just without the offices of the superintendent, awaiting the interview which must precede their actually being admitted to the prison routine. One of the number was a dwarf, scarcely higher than a six-year-old child. His biography stated that he was twenty-nine years of age, but he looked much older, although, judging from the vacant expression of his face, his mental forces were nearly as dwarfed as his body.

With two bookkeepers I was watching furtively the actions of this extremely repulsive-looking prisoner, when one of the clerks, by way of comment backed by a desire to hear the prodigy speak, asked him:

"What trade are you going to learn?"

"Who, me?" drawled the man, with a fearful Hebrew accent. "I dakes up shuspenders an' collar buddons."

He had no idea of the reason for the explosive mirth which his declaration provoked; and as with him, so it was with many others. They vaguely understood that they would learn something at which the dollar might be made, but that was all, except that they naturally connected the idea with what they knew of business where they came from.

The little Hebrew, the extent of whose business had rested in assisting his brother to make sales from a push-cart, had been committed for assaulting one of his competitors. To-day he is a peaceful enough tailor and clothing-cutter, his earnings averaging five dollars a day the year round.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CRICKET

A granite monolith was recently unveiled at Hambledon, a little village in Hampshire, to mark the actual birthplace of English cricket. The Hambledon men invented cricket a century and a half ago, and in celebration of their exploit a Hambledon team has been playing All England. Twelve famous cricketers from the All England team came down to play and to witness the unveiling of the monolith, an event scheduled to be brought off by Dr. W. G. Grace, the dean of English cricketers. Time passed, but the doctor did not appear, and at midday a telegram was received saying that he would shortly arrive on the train. The train drew in, and a burly, bearded man was seen at the window of a first-class carriage.

"Dr. Grace!" cried a delighted porter, waving his hand as a welcome to Hambledon Festival.

The bearded, broad-shouldered man cheerfully waved his hand in recognition of the salute and alighted. His ticket was taken by an obsequious and highly gratified collector.

All the cabs and carriages were at the cricket ground. The only vehicle in the yard was waiting for a well-known hunting man.

He heard the cries, "Grace is here," and then "There he is," and at once placed his carriage at the disposal of the distinguished arrival, and in company with a photographer, who was waiting for a chance to snap the great cricketer, drove him to Broad Halfpenny Down.

Hambledon village was a-flutter with flags and bunting in honor of the famous match and as the carriage passed the word spread that Dr. Grace was the smiling gentleman with the enormous beard.

Each time cricket was mentioned, however, the "Doctor," with great modesty, switched off the conversation suddenly. He talked of fishing, shooting—anything but cricket or himself.

When Broad Halfpenny Down was reached the driver hurried down to inform Mr. C. B. Fry, the captain of the Hambledon team, that Dr. Grace had arrived. The moment Mr. Fry saw the newcomer, however, his eyes twinkled. It was not Dr. Grace at all, but his double.

It was discovered later that Dr. W. G. Grace could not come, owing to other engagements. The double subsequently wrote a humorous letter of appreciation to the London press.

The granite memorial, which faces the old Bat and Ball Inn, where the Hambledon cricketers have always met, bears the inscription:

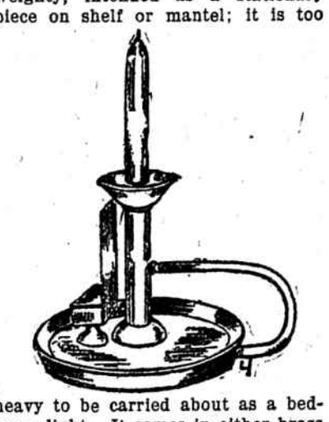
This Marks the Site
of the Ground
of the
Hambledon Cricket Club.
Circa 1750—1787.

Famous cricketers in flannels, blazers and caps passed in silent procession round the base of the tablet, upon the occasion of its unveiling, in silent homage to the obscure founder of the illustrious game.—From Harper's Weekly.

The Granite Monolith Erected at Hambledon, England, to Mark the Birthplace of English Cricket—On the Left is the Old Bat and Ball Inn.

House Candlestick in Brass.

The subject of the drawing is a handsome ornament, large and weighty, intended as a stationary piece on shelf or mantel; it is too



heavy to be carried about as a bedroom light. It comes in either brass or red lacquer. The match box is attached to the side.—Vogue.

Meant For Encouragement.

Artist—"Yes, I keep pegging away. Sometimes I get discouraged and say to myself, 'What's the use?' "

Friend—"Don't give up, old man. You can't do worse than you've done, you know."—Judge.

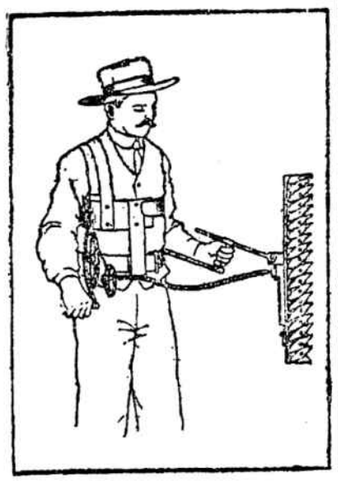
A MUSICAL INTERIOR.

Cissy—"What makes Jimmy howl like that?"

Tommy—"You'd make a noise, too, if you were as full of fiddle strings."—Sketch.

New Hedge Trimmer.

Hedge trimming has been made easy by the ingenuity of an Oregon man, who has devised a machine that will cut as many branches as a dozen men working by hand at once; will cut them straight and will cut them without any difficulty. The machine consists of a large number of teeth set in a row and all operated by the same shaft, which is turned by a handle. Their effect is that of so many pairs of shears working in the same line side by side. The device is fastened to the operator's body by a harness so that it sets firmly, and while he guides the knives with his left hand he turns the crank that opens and closes them. Naturally, this machine has much more power than there is in a man's hands, and it crunches through branches of all sizes. At the same time cutting a wide swath, as it does, it can be guided so that the work is done in much better style than is possible when a single pair of shears is used.



An Impending Calamity.

Miss Smith—"You must remember that children have their uses, if only to perpetuate your name. Now, when I die, I'm afraid the name of Smith will die with me."—Sketch.

Household ....Matters

A Safe Plan.

To mark bottles or boxes of poison and prevent accidents, buy a dozen (or as many as needed) tiny bells, and every time a bottle or package of poison comes into the house fasten a bell securely to it. Even in the dark the bell will sound its warning. The bells can be bought in a fancy work or toy store.—Boston Post.

To Wash White Veils.

Take lukewarm water and any good laundered soap; put veil in water and sop gently between the hands; then rinse in clear warm water; hang veil over drier and press when dry with iron not too hot. Do not wring out veil, but squeeze out the water and then shake the veiling out before hanging up to dry.—Boston Post.

The Creeping Babe.

A very ingenious mother has lately discovered a way for her creeping baby to get about easily and at the same time keep clean. The baby is placed in a shiny new tin pie plate—that is, is seated upon it. In this little boat the young seaman is able to steer his craft over rugs and in and out of chairs without coming to harm or in any way doing damage to the things with which he comes in contact.—Newark Call.

Turkish Baths at Home.

The problem of a Turkish bath at home has been solved by a clever girl who wished to take them regularly and could not afford to go to a regular establishment. Her equipment for the bath consists of three large lamps and the family bathtub. The fact that the bathroom is a small one aids her in getting the effect of heat desired, but a compartment of ordinary dimensions may be similarly adapted if more lamps and longer time are given to the preliminaries. The most important part of the home arrangement consists in getting the room hot, and this the girl finds easier to accomplish in winter, when the steam is on, than in summer, when she has only the lamps to produce heat at ninety degrees.

Using a steamer chair, quite as in professional baths, she swathes herself in a sheet, and with her back to the light, stays there for half an hour, during which time she gets into a profuse perspiration. A jug of ice water keeps its coolness a sufficient length of time for her to have one or two refreshing drinks, which also increases the throwing off of perspiration.

A cold cloth on her head prevents any sensation of faintness.

At the end of half an hour, a time that is marked by a clock, the girl stands on a bath mat before a basin of water, and with a good bath brush and plenty of good soap scrubs her entire body. Then, as well as she can, she kneads and massages her body, the process taking ten minutes or more. The lamps are burning during this time, so that the heat of the room is maintained.

After the scrub she draws the tub full of warm water and gets into it for a rinse. Then, letting off the water, she rubs down with coarse salt, this being done before using bath towels. After frictioning with salt, which is strengthening, she has another rub with Turkish towels, puts on a thin flannel gown and goes to bed, getting between the sheets. Her room is darkened, and she gives half an hour to relaxing and resting. At the end of that time she gets up, rubs herself with alcohol and dresses, feeling fresh and invigorated. The treatment is having a decidedly beneficial effect upon her complexion, clearing and freshening it.

The bath is not one that should be taken by any person having any heart weakness.—Washington Star.

Poverty Cake.—Take one pint of rye flour and one of Indian meal. Beat into the mixture two eggs, a half cup of molasses, into which has been thoroughly stirred a teaspoon of soda, a little salt and a cup of milk. Have the mixture stiff enough to drop with a spoon into boiling lard.

Raspberry Bavarian Cream.—Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine in one cupful boiling water, add one quart red raspberries rubbed through a sieve, one cupful sugar and one cupful whipped cream. Pour into a wet mold. Turn out, garnish with whipped sweetened cream and ripe raspberries.

Marshmallow Candy.—Three cups of light brown sugar, one-half cup milk. Boil slowly, but do not stir. Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat in one-half pound marshmallows and one cup of coarsely chopped English walnuts. Beat until thick and creamy and spread in buttered tin.

Newport Cakes For Tea.—Take a pint and a half of flour, a half cup of sugar, a half cup of butter and a cup of milk. Having mingled with the flour two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, add the other ingredients, into which have been stirred two eggs beaten light. Bake in tins for twenty minutes. This recipe is the American substitute for the Scotch scones used at afternoon tea abroad.

Cheese Souffle.—Take a half pound of soft cheese, a quarter of pound of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter and three eggs. Warm a cup of milk and pour it over the bread crumbs, cheese and butter. When cool add the eggs that have been thoroughly beaten and put in a baking dish to bake. Put in the small individual earthen baking dishes; cheese souffle makes an attractive course at luncheon.

MA AND PA.

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez Pa one winter night;
"I'd go down South and stay a while
Where days are warm and bright."
He sat an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till Ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez Pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet),
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then—Pa set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez Pa; "I'd have a snap."
Next from the lounge we hear a snore,
Pa—at his ev'nin' nap.
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed and put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pair o' socks;
Pa woke up, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"
—Mary F. K. Hutchinson.

RIPPLES OF MIRTH

Opportunities are like fish. The biggest get away.—Puck.

First Sportsman—"Did that 'orse win yer put yer money on?" Second Sportsman—"No, 'e was pinched fer loiterin'."—Punch.

Aunt Eliza—"Is your mother in, Willie?" Willie—"Sure she's in. D'yer s'pose I'd be workin' here in the garden if she was out?"—Puck.

"I never knew what an aimless life policemen led," said the Philosopher of Folly, "till I saw one shooting at a dog the other day." — Cleveland Leader.

Staylaight — "Oh, Miss Wobbins, may I come to see you again?" Miss Wobbins—"Well, I cannot see how you can very well, unless you go this time!"—Life.

The hen will set and the hen will lay,
And the hen will roost up high;
But one good thing we can say of her—
The hen will never lie.
—Yonkers Statesman.

"I must say he was very business-like with his proposal.." "As to how, my dear?" "Told me to consider myself engaged."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I can't understand why Brown should have failed." "Nor can I. I always thought he was doing finely. He often came to me for advice."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Craw—"Where are you going this summer for a rest?" Mrs. Crab—"A friend of mine told me of a lovely place where they do nothing but play golf all day and bridge all night."—Judge.

"I always had a high opinion of Mr. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Lapsling, "until he went to Africa to kill animals. I don't like that one bit, even if he does call himself a fawning naturalist!"—Chicago Tribune.

Come out and see the sea-horse race and
hear the catfish mew;
Come hear the swordfish give an order for
a dress review.
—Blanche E. Wade, in Youth's Companion.

"It's no disgrace to fail if you have done your best," said the philosopher. "That may be so," replied the man who had failed. "But it's pretty tough to have to admit that the best you could do was fail."—Detroit Free Press.

Native—"Over there, by the trees, is where the great poet, Holmes Whitfellow, was born." His Fare—"Where? I don't see any dwelling." Native—"Oh, it ain't there now. He was born in a portable house!"—Puck.

Mrs. Jonah Q. Perks (on her first visit to Paris—addressing Maitre d'Hotel)—"Say—er—Gassong, oo ay le dining room?" Maitre d'Hotel—"First floor on the right, madam." Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief)—"Oh! You speak English?"—Punch.

HOW CHINESE LIKE THEIR EGGS.

Prepared With Aromatic Herbs in Slaked Lime.

Dr. Malegnon, who has dwelt long in China, gives some curious details of the food of the Chinese. This is what he says of the "Sons of Heaven" and the way they eat eggs:

"The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard boiled. One finds them in all the roadside places for refreshment. The Celestials have an expression: 'Eggs of a hundred years:' The eggs are not always a century old, but you are able to get them of many years' standing.

"The Celestials have a preference for the egg of the duck or goose. They are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a period more or less long, the minimum time of treatment being five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yolk liquefies and takes a dark green color. The white coagulates and becomes green.

"The product of the eggs which has a strong odor, from which a stranger betakes himself quickly, the Chinese eat as hors d'oeuvre, and it is said to have the taste of lobster."—Revue d'Hygiene.

His Order.

"Does your husband belong to any clubs, Mrs. Dubbley?"

"None but the knights of the Mystic Stairway."

"The Mystic Stairway? I never heard of that order."

"You're lucky. The members are pledged to assist the brother who needs help to reach home and to carry him upstairs, provided they are able to trust themselves on stairs that go round and round, and after that to try to make his wife believe that he was seized with sudden illness and that they had administered an overdose of brandy or something of the kind for the purpose of reviving him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Bad Break.

"Oh, yes, I saw the man in the moon when I was a little girl," she said, coquettishly.

"He must be pretty old by now, don't you think?" he remarked, thoughtlessly.—Yonkers Statesman.